

Catawba Journal.

VOL. II.]

CHARLOTTE, N. C. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1826.


[NO. 101.]

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
By LEMUEL BINGHAM,
At Three Dollars a year, paid in advance.

No paper will be discontinued, unless at the discretion of the editor, until all arrearages are paid.

Advertisements will be inserted at the usual rates. Persons sending in advertisements, are requested to note on the margin the number of insertions, or they will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

Land for Sale.

 THE subscriber offers for sale a valuable tract of Land, on accommodation terms, which lies in the lower part of Iredell county, on the head waters of Rocky River, adjoining the lands of G. S. Houston, Benjamin Brevard and others, and containing 372 acres. The said land is of good quality and well watered, both as to springs and branches. Of the land now in crop, amounting to 40 or 50 acres, the most of it is well manured and will produce corn, cotton or wheat, in sufficient quantity to abundantly compensate the husbandman for his labor. Experiment has proven that it is peculiarly adapted to receive great and permanent benefit from manure.—There is on it a large portion of low grounds, of excellent quality, either for meadow or pasture, 10 or 12 acres of which are in good order and have been mowed for a number of years. The principal dwelling-house is large and commodious, which, with a little additional expense, might be made comfortable and convenient even for a large family. The situation on which it stands is probably equal to any in this or the adjacent counties. There is a well of good water convenient to the house, and a large, fertile garden. There are two improvements on this tract, which will be sold together or separately, to suit purchasers. It would be a desirable place of residence for a member of the profession of Law or a Physician, being in a respectable and populous neighborhood, and at nearly an equal distance from five surrounding villages. It is unnecessary to give a further description of this land, as those, no doubt, wishing to purchase, will view the premises. For terms, apply to the subscriber, living 5 miles north of Concord, Cabarrus county.

A. C. M'REE.

N. B. Approved cash notes, negroes, or notes negotiable and payable at the Charlotte Bank, will be received in payment. A. C. M.

NORTH & S. CAROLINA LOTTERY,

For the benefit of OXFORD ACADEMY in North-Carolina, &c.

FIRST CLASS—To be drawn 29th Nov. 1826.

J. B. YATES & A. McINTYRE, Managers.

SCHEME.

1	Prize of \$12,000	is	\$12,000
1	- - - 6,000	-	6,000
1	- - - 5,000	-	5,000
1	- - - 4,000	-	4,000
1	- - - 2,500	-	2,500
1	- - - 1,340	-	1,340
6	- - - 1,000	-	6,000
12	- - - 500	-	6,000
156	- - - 50	-	7,800
780	- - - 10	-	7,800
7,800	- - - 5	-	39,000

8,760 Prizes. 97,440
15,600 Blanks.—24,360 Tickets.

This is a Lottery formed by the ternary permutation of 30 numbers. To determine the prizes therein, the 30 numbers will be publicly placed in a wheel on the day of drawing, and four of them be drawn out; and that Ticket having on it the 1st, 2d and 3d drawn numbers, in the order in which drawn, will be entitled to the prize of \$12,000.

And those five other Tickets having on them the same numbers, shall be entitled to the prizes affixed to them respectively, viz:

The 1st, 3d and 2d to \$6,000
The 2d, 1st and 3d to 5,000
The 2d, 3d and 1st to 4,000
The 3d, 1st and 2d to 2,500
The 3d, 2d and 1st to 1,350

The 6 tickets which shall have on them the 1st, 2d and 4th drawn numbers, in some one of their orders, will each be entitled to a prize of \$1,000.

The 12 tickets which shall have on them any other three of the drawn numbers, in any order of permutation, will each be entitled to a prize of \$500.

The 156 tickets which shall have two of the drawn numbers on them, and those two the 3d and 4th, will each be entitled to a prize of \$50. Those 780 tickets which shall have on them some other two of the drawn numbers, will each be entitled to a prize of \$10.

And those 7,800 tickets, which shall have on them some one of the drawn numbers, will each be entitled to a prize of \$5.

No ticket which shall have drawn a prize of a superior denomination can be entitled to an inferior prize. Prizes payable forty days after the drawing, and subject to the usual deduction of 15 per cent.

Tickets and Shares can be had in the above scheme at the Managers' Offices.

Whole Tickets, \$5 00 | Quarters, \$1 25
Halves, 2 50

Tickets and Shares in the above Lottery, are for sale at the office of the Catawba Journal. Orders by mail, enclosing the cash, will be promptly attended to.


Sermon on the Atonement.

JUST published, and for sale at this office, price 12 1/2 cents, "A Sermon on the Atonement." By SAMUEL C. CALDWELL, A. M.

Attachments and Bonds

For sale, at the office of the Journal.

For Sale.

 MY Rockland Plantation, containing 745 acres, lying in the fork of big Sugar Creek, adjoining the lands of William Cook, Dr. Fox, and others; payable in four equal payments, viz:—on the 1st day of January, 1828, 1829, 1830, and 1831, with interest on the three last payments from the first day of January, 1829. Bonds, with approved security, will be required, or a lien on the lands. Those who may wish to purchase, must make application to myself, or Col. Thomas G. Polk, who is authorized to sell, before the 15th of October next. The purchaser can have the crop on the ground at a fair valuation, together with stock, farming tools, &c. 8t103 WILL. POLK.

Land for Sale.

THE subscriber has one hundred acres of land for sale, five miles west from the town of Charlotte, on a north fork of Sugar Creek. It is well situated and productive as any for corn, cotton and wheat; and no doubt it has a Gold Mine, as good signs are to be seen. The purchaser can have two falls to make the payment, by paying one hundred and fifty dollars, and to divide the last sum into two. JONATHAN WILLIAMS. September 4, 1826.—3t101.

Public Entertainment.

THE subscriber informs his friends and the public, that he has purchased that well known establishment, lately owned and occupied by Dr. Henderson, and is now prepared to entertain travellers and others, who may please to call on him; and no exertions will be spared to render them comfortable, and their stay agreeable. His table will be furnished with every variety which the country affords; his bar with the best of liquors; and his stables with plenty of provender, and careful servants will be in constant attendance.

ROBERT I. DINKINS.

Charlotte, April 20, 1826. *80

House of Entertainment,



AND Stage House, at the sign of the Eagle, in Charlotte, North-Carolina, by 1st36 ROBERT WATSON.

By authority of the State of North-Carolina.

LOTTERY

TO ENCOURAGE THE PUBLICATION OF THE HISTORY OF NORTH-CAROLINA.

HIGHEST PRIZE,
20,000 DOLLARS.

Drawing to commence in Hillsborough, on the 2d Monday of September next.

Scheme.

1	Prize of 20,000 Dollars, is \$20,000
1	10,000 10,000
1	5,000 5,000
2	2,000 2,000
1	1,500 3,000
8	1,000 8,000
10	500 5,000
20	200 3,600
40	100 4,000
50	50 2,500
450	20 9,000
1,050	10 10,500
7,366	5 36,830

9,000 Prizes. 23,886 tickets at \$5 is 119,430
14,886 Blanks

Not two Blanks to a Prize.

500 Tickets to be drawn in a day—to be completed in 18 days' drawing. All the numbers to be placed in one wheel, and the prizes in another.

STATIONARY PRIZES AS FOLLOWS:

First day, will be entitled to a Prize of	\$200
Second day, - - - - -	500
Third day, - - - - -	500
Fourth day, - - - - -	500
Fifth day, - - - - -	500
Sixth day, - - - - -	500
Seventh day, - - - - -	500
Eighth day, - - - - -	500
Ninth day, - - - - -	1,000
Tenth day, - - - - -	1,000
Eleventh day, - - - - -	1,000
Twelfth day, - - - - -	1,000
Thirteenth day, - - - - -	1,000
Fourteenth day, - - - - -	1,000
Fifteenth day, - - - - -	1,500
Sixteenth day, - - - - -	5,000
Seventeenth day, - - - - -	10,000
Eighteenth day, - - - - -	20,000

The rest of the prizes floating in the wheel from the commencement, amounting to

\$73,730.

Prizes payable at the Agency of the Bank of Cape-Fear, in Hillsborough, N. C. 30 days after the completion of the drawing, subject to a discount of 15 per cent. All prizes not demanded within 12 months from the completion of the drawing, will be considered as forfeited to the uses of the Lottery.

J. WEBB, Commissioner.

Hillsborough, April, 1826.

The attention of the North-Carolina public is respectfully invited to the foregoing scheme. The laudable purpose contemplated will, it is hoped, secure to it the aid of those who are friendly to the interests of literature and science; and the name alone of the gentleman who has consented to act as Commissioner in the management of the Lottery, is a sufficient pledge of the fairness with which it will be conducted.

A. D. MURPHY.

Tickets in the above Lottery are for sale at the Office of the Journal. Orders by mail, will be promptly attended to.

Entry Takers' Warrants,

For sale, at this Office.

Agricultural.

On the effects of stirring the surface of the earth as a relief against drought.

This is a trite subject, and one, which we are aware has been long since settled by intelligent cultivators in all countries. It is very familiar to gardeners, and the cause of the superior production of gardens over field culture, may be attributed in part to the more frequent application of the hoe and spade. Yet it is true that a great number of farmers deny the proposition, and disapprove the practice. They think it dangerous to plough and hoe in the time of extreme drought and heat, while our own experience of 20 years has convinced us that it is much superior as a remedy against drought than watering in the limited manner, in which that must always be applied. There has never been a season in our memory in which there was a greater necessity for the application of all remedies against droughts than the present. The drought was not only of longer duration, but it took place when the plants were least able to resist it, not having sent their roots in quest of nourishment far, wide and deep. The early foliage also, more tender and more liable to wither under a scorching sun and a drying wind.

In this extraordinary season, I had a small patch of early potatoes planted in a warm and sandy soil purposely to procure an early crop; the soil was at least three quarters pure sand, mixed with some food for plants among the sand. The severe drought threatened a total loss of the crop. The potatoe stalks were feeble, drawn up, scarcely larger than goose quills, and I expected every day to see them wither; all hopes of a crop were abandoned. I thought that they were the fair subjects of a desperate experiment. On one of the hottest and driest days, I gave them a thorough ploughing, passing the plough four times through each row; first ploughing two furrows from the hills, as near the roots as possible, without throwing out the seed potatoes, and then returning the loam or earth instantly back by two other furrows. No rain intervened for ten days. In three days after the potatoes changed their color, they started afresh as if they had received the benefit of ample showers, while not a drop of rain had fallen.

The dews, which were abundant, settled upon the new turned earth, while, before the ploughing, no moisture had been apparent.

The last fact, though it cannot have escaped the notice of the most careless cultivator, has not been as yet explained.—We can easily see, that a soil, rendered porous, would more readily and easily convey its moisture to the roots. It becomes like a sponge, and is readily permeable, or rather readily permits the moisture to pass between its particles.—But it is not yet understood why it attracts the moisture. Perhaps, however, this may be owing to its presenting a much greater surface to the moist air of the night. The fact, however, which is what most concerns us, is settled. Perhaps some of the experiments of our distinguished countryman, Dr. Wells, a physician of London, who rendered himself conspicuous by his remarks on dew, may tend to explain this fact, though it is not my purpose now to examine the theory.

Every man who feels an interest in the question, can satisfy himself at once by stirring a small piece of the earth, in a time of severe drought, and if he does not find it in the morning more filled with moisture, than the undisturbed ground in its vicinity, let him continue a disbeliever.

But there is another mode, and it is one which I have never seen suggested, by which I apprehend the stirring of the surface, and making it light and porous, is beneficial in great droughts. It is this: light porous bodies are bad conductors of heat; perhaps because they have more air between their interstices. The facts are familiar to us. Metallic bodies acquire an intense heat under the rays of the sun, so do stones in proportion to their density. The earth, when very compact, will become exceedingly hot; but garden loam, which is very porous, remains cool at noon-day, two inches below the surface. I believe, therefore, that moving the surface, and keeping it in a light and porous state, enables it to resist the heat of the sun's rays, that the air between the particles of earth communicates the heat more slowly, than the particles themselves do when in close contact.

Such is my theory; but I am an enemy of theories, I always distrust them. I look only to facts; and having observed that a slight covering of half an inch of sea weed would preserve my strawberries from drought, which can only arise from it lying so loose on the surface, I have been led to infer that the undoubted fact that soil in a loose pulverized state resists drought,

is owing to the same cause, to wit, the slowness with which the heat of the solar rays is communicated to the roots. But be the theory sound, or unsound, I am persuaded that every farmer will find that the free use of his plough and hoe, in time of severe drought, will be of more value to him than as much manure as that labor would purchase. I have been always convinced from my experience as an horticulturist, that the great secret of cultivation consists in making the soil porous. In raising exotic plants, we know it to be true, and our flower pots are always supplied with soil the most porous, which we can obtain. The farmer may borrow light from an occupation, which he looks upon with disdain, but which serves to elucidate and explain the secrets of vegetation. [New-England Farmer.]

Political.

From the Lynchburg Virginian.

Com. Porter and Mr. Adams.—There is a paper published in the city of New-York, (lately established) edited by Mr. Weaver, a cashiered Lieutenant, and by a Mr. Felch, a dismissed Chaplain of the United States Navy. This paper is called "Coram's Champion"—and was established to write down the Secretary of the Navy, and to give vent to the personal malignity of its Editors, neither of whom appears to deserve the slightest credit. They have been publicly accused, by Maj. Saterlee Clark, of N. Y. of having uttered falsehoods in relation to himself, and the facts of the case evidence the truth of the accusation. Maj. Clark was an officer of the U. S. Government. The Editors of the "Champion," from loose rumor, chose to assume that Maj. Clark had been aggrieved by the Government; and what do these impartial gentlemen, these Romans of the age of Brutus, but draw up a history of the circumstances they had heard in relation to it, and proffer the aid of their columns and talents to procure the Major justice! Maj. Clark assured the Editors that what they had heard was untrue—that he had never been aggrieved by the government—and told them they must not publish the narrative they had gratuitously and so patriotically drawn up. They agreed to suppress it; but, notwithstanding they had been assured of its falsity, and notwithstanding their promise to suppress it, the next No. of their paper ushered it forth to the world as a true and veracious history! Maj. Clark then publicly contradicted it, and told the facts which had occurred; but still, the cashiered Lieutenant and the dishonored Chaplain continue to avouch that it is all true! We make a sober appeal to the public. Are these men to be believed? They surely are not. And yet, the "Richmond Enquirer," of the 1st inst. gives currency to one of its newly fabricated slanders against Mr. Adams, not only without any signs of incredulity, but with an effort to sustain it. It is not true, as all the narratives of the times agree, that, when Com. Porter offered his hand to Mr. Adams, at the launch of the Brandywine, the latter turned away from him. The remarks attributed to Gen. Lafayette, are not true. It is true, that at the instance of Gen. Lafayette, Mr. Adams intended to return Com. Porter his sword, and restore him to the service from which he had been dismissed by a Court Martial at that time: it is true, that Com. Porter, with a knowledge of this fact, suffered an article, subscribed by his name, to appear in the Washington prints on the very morning of that day, in which he indulged in a strain of acrimonious and unbecoming invective against the Court Martial and the National Executive; and it is true, that in consequence of this fact, Mr. Adams declined annulling the decision of the Court as he intended. It is further true, (if the narratives of that day are entitled to credit, and they are surely worth more than the naked assertions of men who are now suffering the punishment inflicted on them by the offended laws of their country and who have been demonstrated to be unworthy of credit) that Mr. Adams showed Com. Porter's publication to Gen. Lafayette, and consulted him as to the course he ought to pursue, winding up, in substance, with this remark, "I cannot now, consistently with what I owe to my own feelings, and to the feelings of the Court, restore Com. Porter to his rank, and return to him his sword." And it is also true, that the General

approved of Mr. Adams' determination.—Such was the narrative given at the moment, it was then uncontradicted; has remained uncontradicted until this time!—and is now only contradicted by a Lieutenant who was broke for employing the flag of his country in a forbidden traffic, and by a Chaplain who was dismissed, we know not for what; but not, we presume, because he possessed too much honor as a man, or too much humanity as a christian. If the slander had been confined to the columns of the "Champion," we should have taken no notice of it; but as the Enquirer, (which has an extensive circulation) has thought proper to translate it into its pages, with approbatory remarks, we have determined to send the antidote with the poison, as far as our paper circulates.

The "Richmond Enquirer," noticing Mr. Randolph's speech lately published in the Intelligencer as it was delivered, has the following paragraph.

"John Randolph of Roanoke.—There is something so peculiar, so forcible, in every thing that comes from this gentleman, that the public curiosity is always on tiptoe to see his speeches. We lose no time in laying before our readers, the fragments of a speech, to be found in the preceding columns. They are digressive enough. But forgetting the subject under discussion, many of his remarks are profound, and calculated to awaken reflection. It is the fashion of the day to ridicule Mr. R. and this speech has come in for its share of sarcasm. The fashionables may say what they will; the people will find in it some sense; although the whole of it may not be applicable to the subject under discussion." [Will Mr. Ritchie please to "put his finger" on the part that is applicable.]

"Digressive enough." Yes—indeed, Mr. Ritchie, so digressive that you cannot tell us, any more than Mr. Norvel, what it was about. Recapitulate the points of the speech, and give them to us!—"But forgetting the subject under discussion"—"the people will find in it some sense." Pretty employment this for a Senate of the United States—"forgetting a subject" for two or three hours, in listening to Mr. Randolph, because that, tho' his speech had no manner of application to the "subject under discussion," there was "some sense" in it. Will Mr. Ritchie say that the dignity of the Senate is maintained by a proceeding like this—or even "state rights," as argued by Mr. Giles, or the "right of instruction," as construed by that gentleman, supported!

I am, at least, not one of the "fashionables" that Mr. Ritchie speaks of. I have held one, and only one opinion of Mr. Randolph for the last twenty years, or more—that he was useless to his country and abusive of its best interests, by the time that he wasted in Congress by his long talks or "digressive" speeches. It is fashionable, however, for many that held him in the same sort of estimation, even very lately, now to praise and extol him. It must be admitted, however, that the "Enquirer's" praise of Mr. R. is "faint" enough—there is "some sense" in his speech, "though the whole of it may not be applicable to the subject under discussion." A little while ago, Mr. Ritchie and myself had the same opinion about Mr. Randolph, as the annexed extract from the "Enquirer," being an editorial note, will show, and this opinion was common to the whole republican party in the United States. Mr. Ritchie, as quoted by the Richmond Whig, (for I have not a file of his paper) on the 5th day of April, 1811, said—

"We understand, that a poll will be taken for Mr. Eppes, by some of his friends, in every county of the district, lately represented, or mis-represented, by John Randolph. There is, to be sure, some little difference between the two men—Mr. Eppes is as much an ornament to Congress, as Mr. R. is a nuisance and a curse."

"A nuisance and a curse." Hard terms these—but at that time who thought them unmerited, and what hath Mr. Randolph done since to relieve himself of the just application of them? His assault upon the memory of the dead, the illustrious Dr. Benjamin Rush—

abuse of every President and Administration of the United States, save that of Washington—his attacks upon private individuals on the floor of the Senate—his querulous and severe opposition to every great measure, of war or of peace, that has been adopted or pursued by our government, since 1805 or 1806, to the present day. *Niles' Register.*

American Scenery.

From the Petersburg Intelligencer.

Our esteemed correspondent continues to travel and to write: The following description of Glenn's Falls, on the Hudson, New-York, and the middle ground from thence to Lake George, will, we doubt not, be read with interest:

Glenn's Falls, Aug. 20, 1826.

It was a dull afternoon, when I left the Springs, to visit Lake George, intending to stop a few minutes at Glenn's Falls, which lie immediately in the route. This spot and its neighborhood has become more interesting of late, by the masterly sketches of our American Waverly.—He has selected this ground for the principal scene in his recent popular work, "The Last of the Mohicans." At the falls, I was very fortunate, in securing for a guide Mr. W., a friend, who had conducted the celebrated author himself over the whole field; his descriptions are most correct, and the faithfulness of them is one of the chief excellencies of his happy style. The Falls, the Banks of the River, the Island in the midst, to which Alice, Cora, and their companions, were conveyed for safety, are all situated just as described. I passed thro' the Caves, the inner one terminating at a "perpendicular declivity, under which ran the dark current." Our intelligent guide pointed out the part of the whirling stream above the Island, into whose Pools, one of the Indians, in attempting to gain the shore, was driven, carried rapidly along, and hurried over, into that gloomy and yawning gulph below. "There," said he, "is the solitary tree," selected by Mr. Cooper, on yonder left bank, from whose lofty branches the daring Savage was harassing the fugitives, but soon fell from his high lurking place, a victim to the deadly rifle of Hawk-eye.

Glenn's Falls are beautiful and wild.—The Hudson here, at more than two hundred miles from its mouth, rushes thro' a channel of dark blue limestone, the bed of which is worn into many very singular forms, by the constant action of the current. The water falls over these strata, which are perfectly flat, and are piled one upon another, so as to resemble so many stone steps, or rather broad platforms. Through them, however, irregular and deep channels, in some directions, find their way,—and over the whole, the Hudson, when full, rushes in one broad, tumultuous, and foaming torrent, leaping from one platform to another, until it bathes the feet of the sable ledges below, which ascend to a great height above the stream.

Passing over a rugged country, partly of pine barren, and partly of stony hills, I arrived by night-fall at the head of Lake George, and stopped in Caldwell, a most delightful village, on the Western shore. The ground between this Lake and the Hudson river, was famous, not only in the Revolutionary War, but in most of those early bloody campaigns, when the French and cruel Savages carried their horrible warfare into the frontier of the English Colonies. Hard and suffering was the lot of the harassed Colonists. In these contests, the most direct communication between the posts of Canada and the Hudson, was by the head waters of Lake George. In sight of the room I now occupy, ancient ramparts are still visible; on that very spot was entrenched the army of the Marquis Montcalm, at the siege of Fort William Henry, in 1757. A more interesting place cannot be found in the United States, for the visits of those who delight in the rich and beautiful scenery of nature—who love to contemplate heroic deeds, long past, but resulting in consequences important even to those of the present day.

You know my fondness for Music—and in the evening my young brother and myself took a sailing boat, with a bugle-player, and went upon the Lake to hear the echo from this instrument, which is fine beyond description in this region. It was a lovely night—the full Moon was just rising over the opposite mountain: her mild light fell upon the bosom of the water in such a direction as to tinge it gently with her brightness—though in the back ground, the darkness of the woods was impenetrable. Far off we went, and our light skiff glided on the tranquil bay so gently, that scarcely a ruffle passed her advancing prow. The air was still, and we sung our evening hymn must cheerfully. "It is a fine night for an echo, Sir," said the Oarsman, "we have stretched far enough into the lake." Our Bugleman sounded his winding horn—the echo from the surrounding hills, distant half a mile, sent back the faithful, mellow sounds, while forests, by the exact repetition of the notes from their shades, seemed to be full of "mocking spirits." Such tones I had never before listened to; the pre-

cludes were touchingly executed, and then followed airs of vibrating, deep, rich melody; now lighter and sweeter were the changes, particularly in that favorite piece "Auld Lang Syne," again, deep, clear and full. The turns, the pauses, passed off in murmuring cadences, until the slowly dying close was lost to the ear, and left our minds filled with the witchery of the music. For a long time, we continued in silent rapture, listening to these sounds, nor could my eyes remain occasionally unmixed on those bright, distant worlds, of which we shall know more hereafter, where,

"Charming symphony they introduce Their sacred song, and waken raptures high, No voice exempt, no voice but well could join Melodious part, such concord is in Heaven." We gained the shore at 10 o'clock—and seldom in my life, after any excursion, have I sunk more calmly and happily to rest.

RELICS.—In digging a cellar in Braddock-street during the present week, two human skeletons were found in a state of preservation. One was standing upright; the other was lying on its face, with the right arm extended in the direction of the head, and the other lying by the side. The probability is, that the skeletons are those of Indians, who were killed during the hostilities which preceded Braddock's war. It is known that this part of the town was then a deep morass, covered with bushes, into which these persons were probably pursued, and where one probably sunk, and the other may have been shot by a musket ball. A few years since a skeleton was found near the same place with handcuffs on; probably an executed malefactor. The excavation of human bones is a frequent occurrence, and as often reminds us of the scenes of war and desolation—of battle and of death which marked the early settlement of our village. Fort Loudoun, which was then the bulwark of this frontier—the last hope of the early settlers, the head quarters of Braddock in 1755, and of Washington in previous years, still exhibits the traces of these wars, although in the centre of one of the best cultivated and most populous sections of the Union. *Winchester Republican.*

Home Industry.—The advancement of this country in manufacturing industry is perhaps unexampled in history. In the year 1805 the total consumption of cotton by the manufactories of the United States was a little more than 1000 bales. Now Rhode Island uses more. In 1812, our woollen factories could not furnish the army with 6000 blankets. During the last war, capital was taken from commerce and invested in manufactures.—This was the first impulse. In 1816 a report made to Congress shewed that fifty millions of dollars capital were invested in cotton manufactures, and twelve millions in woollen. In that year we manufactured 90,000 bales of cotton. In 1816 it was estimated that the whole amount of goods manufactured in the United States, was equal to fifty or sixty millions of dollars. It is now believed that we manufacture, of all kinds, to the amount of 250 millions in a year, about 25 millions of which are exported, and the rest consumed in the country. The internal or domestic trade of every country is perhaps more permanent and useful than the foreign. It is not subject to the fluctuations of the commercial world, which frequently break out and spread desolation around. The English journalists have been consoling themselves that our industry was as frustrated as theirs. The facts which we have stated do not indicate much depression. *N. Y. Adv.*

Political Economy.—An anonymous writer has called upon HAMILTON, the distinguished advocate of the domestic industry of our country, for a definition of what he calls "a sound system of policy for this country;" which he gives in the following short sentence: "Protect the great staples of our country—Wheat, Cotton, Iron, Tobacco, Wool, Lead, &c. & the articles fabricated from them." Under such a system, adds this sagacious writer, this country could not fail to rise, gradually, to a degree of prosperity of which the world has had few examples. We should then be, as we ought to be, masters of our own destinies—and not subject to suffer in the prices of our great staples, as we have heretofore done, by the fluctuation of foreign markets! *Raleigh Register.*

CONTRAST.

The annual salary of the governor of the state of Rhode Island, is \$400.

The salary of the governor of Louisiana is \$7,500.

The people of Louisiana pay their governor as much for one year's service as the people of Rhode Island do their's for eighteen years nine months.

The lieutenant governor of Rhode Island, gets \$200 and the secretary of state of Louisiana, \$2000 per annum.

The supreme judges of Rhode Island get but 200. An attempt was made in the legislature of that state at its last session, to advance the salary of the judges \$50 per ann. but it failed.

Oil of Penny-royal, diluted with water and rubbed over the hands and face, will preserve them from the bite of musquitoes.—Probatum est.

General Intelligence.

BALTIMORE, SEPT. 13.

Capt. Elliott.—We have been favored with the following extract of a letter, and correspondence between Capt. Elliott and the commandant at Rio Janeiro, by a gentleman of this city:

RIO JANEIRO, JULY 15th, 1826.

The Cyane, after leaving this port, had to return to examine her mainmast, captain Elliott having discovered it to be defective under the rigging; this with expert seamen, employed but little time—in the mean while he directed the sloop of war Boston to proceed to the River La Plata, to warn our unsuspecting countrymen of the blockade.—The vigilance of captain Elliott has been highly praiseworthy.

Twelve richly laden English vessels have already arrived at this place, prizes to the Blockading Squadron: these may be estimated, I am informed, at \$300,000, a circumstance not at all agreeable to John Bull—one vessel belonging to the U. S. has been sent in, but her cargo is British property.

When the Cyane was last here, on the eve of getting under-way, she was visited by four Austrian Officers, who demanded, in the name of the Emperor, a deserter from the army, supposed to be on board:—Captain Elliott very properly assured them that, should it prove to be the case he would most certainly send him on shore. After getting to sea the man was discovered. On our return here captain Elliott performed his promise, by delivering the deserter to the proper authorities, at the same time, made private intercession for his pardon—this was doing the thing in a becoming manner—a painful duty was discharged, while at the same time, the humane feelings of an intercessor were extended toward the unfortunate offender. The correspondence of the commanding officers on the subject, is highly creditable, as it displays those amiable traits always estimable. The Chevalier is an officer who once served in Napoleon's army with considerable distinction.

It is supposed that all the vessels sent in here, for a violation of the blockade, will be condemned, consequently, the British will sustain a pretty serious loss. Thus, you see, the principles they contended for, produce effects, which now act as retributive on their commerce, daily found to depreciate.

It is gratifying to an American to see our national ships in this quarter—their presence, their character, give us confidence, and inspire foreigners with respect to our government, which seems ever ready to watch over our interests, and to guard our rights. It is to be hoped that the squadron will be continued on this coast—it has, be assured, a most happy influence on our officers—producing, either directly or indirectly, benefits cheaply purchased, at the expense attending its employment. The time has arrived, when the naval forces of the U. S. should be kept up and increased, in those seas where our commerce continually displays the swelling canvass of enterprise, beneath the propitiating banner of the "free and the brave."

(TRANSLATION.)

Monsieur le Commandant.—Sir:—Still more convinced of the nobleness of your sentiments, from the honorable manner in which you have just acted, it is with the greatest satisfaction I give you the assurance that from personal respect to you, the soldier Scerimir of the 3d Regiment of Battalion which I have the honor to command, shall not be punished.

No person can be more certain than myself that neither by your command, or the design of any other of the very much esteemed American officers, will any Brazilian soldier be induced to desert; on the contrary you have given me a sufficient example of your disapprobation of such conduct, in the circumstances which have just occurred, and which would not have taken place but for the arts of a bad subject, of whom the person to whom they principally relate, was formerly the domestic. Receive, sir, the assurance of the highest consideration, with which I have the honor to be, your most humble and most ob't. serv't.

(Signed) LE CHEVALIER EDWARD D'EWALD, Major and Commandant of the 3d Reg. of Grenadiers, and 1st of the line. 10th July, 1826.

UNITED STATES SHIP CYANE, }
Rio de Janeiro, 12th July, 1826. }

MY DEAR SIR—your highly gratifying favor of the 10th inst. I have had the satisfaction to receive, and now the honor to acknowledge.

The generous manner with which you met my intercession in behalf of the man who had unknown to me secreted himself in my ship, tends greatly to enhance the already justly high opinion I had entertained of the German character.

The high military reputation with which you have so nobly existed in honorable combat, and the promptness with which the heart has been opened in extending the hand both of charity and forgiveness to a poor soldier must leave you in possession of a feeling more easily im-

signed than described—receive therefore my best wishes and permit me to subscribe, truly your friend,

(Signed) J. D. ELLIOTT.
To Chevalier Edward d'Ewald,
Major and Commandant of the
3d Reg. of Grenadiers and 1st of the line.

(TRANSLATION.)

Monsieur le Commandant:

SIR—I beg you to believe that no person can be more sensible than myself to the honor of being distinguished by men of your merit, and with this feeling you may judge of my great mortification, in not being at home last evening when you done me the honor of a visit. With respect to the soldier I have only pursued your own and the principles of every generous mind, in pardoning where pardon is possible; to have afforded you satisfaction is the most agreeable recompense I could receive.

In the lively hope of having very soon the honor of seeing you again in order to express to you personally how much I love and esteem you, I subscribe myself with the respect which your personal qualities so highly merit and command. Your faithful friend and humble serv't.

(Signed) LE CHEVALIER EDWARD D'EWALD.
To Captain J. D. ELLIOTT, &c.
Rio de Janeiro, 12th July, 1826.

We have the Madrid Gazette down to the last week in July. It is altogether negative as to information concerning the state of Spain. It contains, however, translations of some of the London satirical paragraphs with regard to Mr. Randolph's conduct in our Senate. According to the Spanish versions, the Senator charged the President with having been elected by bribery, and Maj. Russell threatened to pommel the Senator.

Nat. Gaz.

Americans in Greece.—Evans's last view of Greece contains some notices of the prominent Grecian and American characters, who are engaged in the cause of Greece. The Americans are How, Jarvis, Miller, Washington and Allen.

How is a Bostonian, "of small stature, but of middling height," and possesses talents and resolution. He is usefully employed in Greece, and Mr. Evans presumes he will meet with much success. His principle object in going to Greece were the restoration of his health and the improvement of his knowledge of surgery.

Jarvis is a native of this country but had been a resident in Germany. He is of common stature and about thirty years of age. Rather ordinary in his appearance. A man of much native shrewdness, and in his habits truly a Greek. He has been in Greece about five years, and has given proofs of his courage.

Washington is a Virginian, and about 22 years of age. A tall and elegant man, and possesses brilliant talents. Evans says "it is unnecessary to speak of him further."

Miller is from Vermont, from 30 to 40 years of age, rather below the common stature, and of ordinary personal appearance. He has native talents but they have not been extensively improved, nor well regulated. Were he in military life, Evans thinks he might display some courage, but as yet, he has exhibited nothing of the kind, worthy of notice.

Allen is from N. York, and was formerly a midshipman in our navy, is 27 years of age, and "a tolerably good looking man." He has sailed on several cruises under Miaulis and the Greek commanders, by whom he has been much praised. He has fought valiantly in several engagements, and been several times severely wounded.

The captain GARTH who is mentioned in the English newspapers as having eloped with lady Ashley, is an illegitimate son of one of the princesses, daughter of the late, and sister to the present king of England. He was born at Weymouth, which, it will be remembered, was a favorite summer retreat of George III. and his family. General Garth, his reputed father, was in attendance upon the king constantly and was a great favorite with him. At the time the young captain was born, the general was at least 60 years of age. He however, acted as his foster father, and had the care of his education and bringing up. The General lived at a place called Piddletown in Dorsetshire, about twelve miles from Weymouth, where the young captain, at the age of from 15 to 18, during which time he was well known to the writer of this paragraph, lived in great style, keeping his servants, race horses and hounds. Tho' he was frequently called Garth and used to talk about the general, yet he no less frequently was accosted by his familiars as 'Tom King,' in allusion to his connection with royalty.

Philadelphia Aurora.

The Boston Centinel states, that the lady referred to in the late English papers, as the first heir to the great property of the late Mr. Farquhar, is the wife of Peter Trezevant, Esq. of Charleston, S. C. brother of the late Judge Trezevant. She is now living in that city, and has a family of eight children. Mr. Trezevant's grand father's family was among

the most respectable Hugonot families which took refuge in South Carolina, from France, immediately after the revocation of the edict of Nantz. Mr. T. is the late Mr. Farquhar's brother's daughter.

Dreadful Death.—A farmer of Thour-out in Flanders, was following a swarm of bees in the heat of the day; at length seeing the bees hanging on a branch of an ash, he presented the hive to them, but unfortunately the queen bee took her station on his face, and in a moment the whole of the bees followed their sovereign, and the unfortunate man was overwhelmed by this cruel species of attack. In a quarter of an hour he was dead. A person who was with him in the operation, ran away from him.

We presume the following statement, says the National Journal, in relation to the MSS. of the Waverly Novels, taken from the John Bull, which is said to be edited by Dr. Magin, a friend of Sir Walter Scott, will go far to settle all doubts on the subject of the authorship of these celebrated productions. We think, however, that some more powerful reason than a mere feeling of delicacy towards any individual, however exalted his station in life may be, ought to be assigned for the conduct of Sir Walter Scott, in remaining silent on the subject, while his manuscripts are allowed to speak so conclusively:

A letter has been published, without the permission of the writer, or the person to whom it was addressed, from Sir Walter Scott, in which he pointedly denies his claim to be considered as the author of the Waverly Novels. This letter, if it be genuine at all, was written by Sir Walter some years ago, although dated April in the present year, but that it is a forgery, we must believe—we may almost say, hope—for we know, in common with every person who has visited certain circles in Edinburgh within the last few months, that Sir Walter Scott has actually presented Mr. Constable, the Bookseller of that city, with all his original manuscripts of his Novels and Tales, here so distinctly and strangely disavowed. Were this gift a secret, or had we heard of it in confidence, or were it questionable in the slightest degree, we should have remained silent upon the subject; but Mr. Constable speaks of it openly and generally—justly considering and feeling it the highest mark of honor that a man, connected as he is with literature, could have received; unless, therefore, the letter which we have alluded to be a forgery, we are puzzled to find out any just cause for the reason why Sir W. Scott, the sovereign of the literary world, should think it necessary now so distinctly and positively to disclaim works which every body who knows any thing, knows to be from his unrivalled pen. We are aware that a reason is assigned which does honor to Sir Walter's good taste and feelings of respectful delicacy towards one exalted personage; but we question whether even that be justly strong enough to induce a continuation of disavowals which are completely multiplied to the world, not only by the conversations and statements of Sir Walter's personal friends, but by the exhibition of the manuscripts themselves in the house of Mr. Constable, the bookseller.

Burning of Horses.—On Friday night at the burning of a stable in the neighborhood of Green and Sixth-streets, between 11 & 12 o'clock, 4 horses were burnt to death. The flames had enveloped the building before they were discovered.—The by-standers succeeded in getting several horses out, but although the stable door was open, such was the intensity of the heat inside, that all attempts to release the other animals from their fastenings were fruitless. One horse—a noble creature—although surrounded with fire, stood perfectly still while a person attempted to get him loose. The halter could neither be untied, broken, or slipped off; there was no knife to cut it, and the flames raged with increased violence. When the man sprang out of the stable, the horse, as if aware that he was abandoned to his fate, uttered most horrid screams. The terrific and almost unearthly cries which horses will give in their agony are well known. This poor animal struggled madly for his deliverance, and in his violence, tore open his breast by running against his trough.—He then laid down for the space of several minutes perfectly quiet, but as the fire began to play around his nostrils, he arose again, and after a few struggles, with a yet wilder scream and his eyes bursting from his head, made one furious effort, and fell dead. The whole scene is described as having been heart sickening. In the morning, the bodies of the four horses were buried. Before this, however, several negro women cut pieces of flesh from the carcasses, as they stated, to serve for food. The fire originated in accident. We are informed that for some time past, several men had been in the habit of going into that stable at night, unknown to the owner. They would stick lighted candles between the boards, and then would sleep on the hay. On this night, it is supposed that the flame of the candle communicated with the combustible material around.

Philadelphia Freeman's Journal.

At the Superior Court of Surry County, held last week, Judge Ruffin presiding, Daniel Rash, a young man, aged 27, was sentenced to be hung on the 29th instant, for the murder of his own uncle. The circumstances attending the perpetration of this unnatural act were of the most aggravated character, and the cause which led to the murder, affords another lamentable instance of the horrid depravity of human nature. The wife of the person thus prematurely deprived of existence, although the mother of twelve children, eloped from her husband with his guilty nephew, and it was proved on trial, that she urged the nephew to kill her husband, and in consideration of his services, was to give him some inferior article of clothing! *Ral. Register.*

Lamentable occurrence.—On Saturday last two females, Lydia Cole, daughter of Mr. Thomas Cole, of this town, and Elmira Tyler, daughter of Mr. Tyler, of Florida, Berkshire co. were drowned in the lower pond at Shepherd's Factory, in this town. Lydia in filling a pail with water slipped and fell into the pond, and was immediately carried by the velocity of the current to the bottom of the dam, where part of her body was forced into a hole under the dam, made by the last freshet, thro' which the water pressed with great violence. Elmira was warned of the danger of attempting to rescue her companion, but overcome by her feelings, she plunged after her, and was carried by the resistless stream to the bottom of the dam. So powerful was the current that more than an hour elapsed before the bodies could be recovered; indeed nothing could be done until a dam of plank was built across a corner of the pond. Lydia was 18 years old, Elmira 21. The funeral was attended on Sunday by a great concourse of people. A sermon was delivered by Rev. Mr. Hall. *Northampton, Mass. Gaz.*

VILLANY.—A gentleman of high respectability gives notice in the Leesburg, (Va.) *Genius of Liberty*, that a horse has been recently found dead at the bottom of a precipice near the summit of the Blue Ridge, a little south of the turnpike in Snickers' Gap. On examining the top of the cliff, the footprints of a horse were distinctly traceable for a considerable distance, shewing at the verge of the summit, the different positions in which he had been placed, and affording incontestible evidence that the animal had been precipitated by some villain or villains. The landing place being about seventy yards from the summit, overhung with huge projecting rocks, against which the animal alternately struck in his descent. The first conjectures to which this discovery gave rise, were numerous and various; but several days having elapsed, and no owner appearing, it at length became, and still is, the general opinion that the owner must have been some unfortunate stranger who had money, and whose body has been concealed by the hand of an assassin; and indeed, when the circumstances connected with the discovery are duly examined and weighed, it appears not unreasonable at least, to fear that this melancholy conjecture is too well founded. The horse is a bay, with black mane and tail, about fifteen hands, shod all round, supposed to be ten years old, and appears to have been a fine gelding. *Balt. Patriot.*

Drowned, in Parsonfield, Mass., in attempting to swim across the Great Ossipee River, just above Kezer's Falls, Mr. Gould, son of Mr. Ebenezer Gould, aged 21. He had almost reached the opposite shore, (the width of the river is supposed to be 30 or 25 rods,) when from some unknown cause he sunk. This, we understand, is the fourth son which Mr. Gould has lost, while in the bloom of life, in a very sudden and surprising manner. Three of them were brought home dead. The first was instantly killed by the fall of a tree. The second cut his foot, and very soon died with the lock-jaw. The third was immediately killed by a loaded sled which passed over him. The fourth was drowned.

Two Corinthians who were journeying on the Ridge Road in a gig on Saturday last, met with an adventure which a spectator has made a special request to have recorded.

At the road side, a waggoner stopped to grease the wheels of his heavily loaded team. Just at that moment a coach passed along, and just that moment, when there was not room for a third carriage, the Corinthians dashed on in their gig. They did not kill the waggoner though they endangered his life; neither did they lame any of his horses, though they nearly overturned one of the team. But the waggoner, instead of being thankful for escaping with life and limbs, resented the supposed affront, and forthwith saluted the Corinthians with his pot, and the whole of its contents, a mixture of grease and tar. Two new coats were spoiled, and the gig was so bespattered, that the young men deemed it advisable to return to the city by a bye-road.

The young men, who were of respectable appearance, were not pitted by the spectators, they had been so evidently in the wrong. *Phil. Gazette.*

The Journal.

CHARLOTTE:

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1826.

A meeting, composed of the disaffected to the present Administration, has been held at Boston; and hence it is inferred, that a strong opposition to the administration exists in that city. To show that this inference is erroneous, it is only necessary to state, that this formidable opposition is composed of none other than the famous coalition men, the exclusive republicans, and the exclusive federalists, who united during the late Presidential election and got up a Crawford Ticket, which they called an "unpledged ticket"—and this same ticket received about 7000 votes, in a state which contains upwards of 80,000 voters. We might with as much propriety say, that the friends of the Administration are strong in Tennessee, as that its opponents are strong in Massachusetts.

There is, as well as we can ascertain, but a single paper in Massachusetts, of any note, and not one of any influence, opposed to the Administration—the inference from this fact is too plain to be mistaken.

And that the opposition in Boston, where this meeting was got up, is no stronger, comparatively, than its ramifications through the state, is evident from the fact, that the Secretary of this meeting was a total stranger in that city, and we believe in that quarter of the country; but was sent there, for what purpose, the address voted at this meeting shows. If the opposition in Boston, represented to be so strong, embodied men of talents and influence, men known to the people, is it not probable that some one of them would have been selected as a Secretary, rather than an utter stranger? It would be improbable, indeed absurd, to suppose otherwise.

FOR THE CATAWBA JOURNAL.

One night in the month of May last, I was reading one of those works, with which the author of Waverley has for some time past delighted the world. I became so interested in the work, that time imperceptibly passed on, until my candle burning in the socket reminded me of the lateness of the hour. I looked out and discovered, by the dark appearance of the adjoining houses, that the inhabitants of the village were long since wrapped in sleep. Not feeling sleepy, and incited by the beautiful appearance of the night, I determined to take a short walk before I retired to rest. I had not proceeded far up the street, when I discovered, in the walk before me, a young man who had for several years spent his time in the ruinous paths of dissipation. Led by curiosity and his peculiar appearance, I went close up to him unperceived and hid myself behind one of the trees that line the walk, when he broke out into the following soliloquy:

"What a beautiful night! The moon shines with silver brightness, yet it does not obscure the thousand twinkling stars that appear around it. But they shine not for me; they but serve to bring to my memory happier days, and with them my now never-ceasing misery. Often have I, on such a night, attended by the softer sex, admired the beautiful objects that now adorn the heavens. Often have I—but why do I indulge the thoughts of former happiness. (Here the remembrance of past days appeared to overwhelm the young man, and he was relieved by a flood of tears, after a few minutes, when he again commenced.) All nature seems to rest; even the nightly chirping cricket has forgotten its functions and joins in the universal stillness; the ever watchful dog remembers not the existence of robbers, and the breeze scarce shakes the rustling leaves. Heavens, what a stillness! Still my ever living conscience burns and keeps me in remembrance of my misery. In vain I seek that sweet repose, which blesses the poor but honest laborer. Sometimes I awhile seem to enjoy the sweets of forgetfulness; but I am soon disturbed with dreams more horrible than all the pangs of a wakeful mind torn by conscious guilt. I often have recourse to the bottle, to drown remembrance; but in a short time it returns with redoubled force and almost overwhelms me. Again I return to the bottle; and thus, while I try to drown past guilt, am constantly adding more to the already too great heap.

Unhappy condition! Oh! that I could show the miseries of intemperance, to those who have not yet tasted the bitter cup. But pride, relentless pride, still hovers around my almost unfeeling breast, and instead of pursuing that course towards my fellow-man which reason and conscience dictate, I endeavor, as a means of lessening my own remorse, to seduce them into the miserable path I have followed. Yes! It is not altogether my own guilt, for which I suffer the continual gnawings of conscience. Perhaps some lost youth may now be groaning in a dungeon, who can trace the first cause of his misery to me. Methinks I hear their groans, as the echo is returned from the gloomy walls, and each one gives a shock to me more horrible than death itself. Youths, who yet walk in the sweet paths of innocence, could you but for a moment suffer the pangs of remorse that over-

cloud my mind, you would recoil with horror, and call heaven to witness your determination to beware of the deceitful bowl. But why do I thus moralize? Does that mitigate my misery? No; nothing but that which was the first cause can now relieve it, and that but for a moment. I must again make use of the dreadful remedy; for it is impossible for me to bear long the misery I now suffer."

Here he left me, no doubt for the purpose of obtaining spirits, the great source of his present misery. This scene, as might be expected, made a deep impression on me; and on my return home, I was naturally led into the following reflections concerning this lost young man.

Not many years since, I was proud to acknowledge him as a warm friend—"But O how fallen, how changed From him,"

who was the pride of the village, the joy of his declining parents, whose countenances would glow with pleasure as they listened to his many and well deserved praises. He was endowed with a strong mind, quick perception and good memory; these qualities were strengthened by a good education. He united good sense with genuine politeness; he was modest, but not bashful; in short, he was possessed of all those qualities that seem to adorn and qualify a man for acting well his part in the drama of life. With these advantages, as might be expected, he was surrounded by numerous friends, who used every means in their power to conduce to his happiness. The fair sex, who are ever willing to bestow rewards on those who merit them, did not fail to show my friend great respect. No doubt but some of them, blushing at their own confession, have pictured to themselves the time when they might call him by the endearing title of husband, and when they, with him, would enjoy pleasure after pleasure, and reap honor after honor.—But like the rose whose beauty attracts some passing person and is the cause of its sooner fading, so those attractions and perfections which should have been the cause of raising him to future honor, were those of his ultimate ruin.

Possessed of a warm disposition, he was too apt to yield to the entreaties of his friends, who used every means to gratify him. They would frequently prevail on him to join them in what they innocently call a frolic; by degrees he became fonder of these, and step by step has reached his present ignominy and misery.

Now his parents, whose hopes were at one time so exalted, can scarcely bear to hear his name mentioned; and they are frequently seen to shed their tears in union over the blasted hopes of their beloved son. Now his former friends and associates, who were wont to look upon him as one who would shine among them as a bright star in the heavens, shun his company and treat him, when in it, with contempt and abruptness. Now the fair sex, by whom he was formerly almost adored, will scarce deign to speak to him. Now he is not admitted into the circles of pleasure, where formerly he was the means of pleasure and delight; and now parents, instead of pointing him out as a model of excellence to their children, shew him to them as one of many awful examples to make them beware of the fatal effects of intemperance.

Notwithstanding all this, still many, too many youths follow the same course and attain the same end of my friend.—Blind, infatuated mortals! Cannot they see in the sparkling bowl the ruin of thousands? Yet thousands with pleasure lift the deceitful goblet to their lips, not thinking that it will certainly bring them to an end of incomparable misery. S.

With respect to those who will probably be the candidates for the high office of President of the U. States, we believe, the election will lie entirely between General Jackson and Mr. Adams. With respect to Gen. Jackson's public conduct, we have been his uniform admirers, and the masterly manner in which Mr. Adams defended it, when attacked, forms not the least cause of our admiration of the latter. At Gen. Jackson's advanced age, and out of high responsible office as he is at present, there is but little probability of any change in the course of his opinions and conduct; and if the Old Hero should still continue to be the man we have always believed him to be, and any thing should occur to alter our opinions of Mr. Adams, we would certainly take more pride in seeing Gen. Jackson in the Presidential Chair than any man living. But if Mr. Adams still continues to pursue the good policy which has distinguished his two predecessors, and to promote the honor and interest of the country with the ability which has so far manifested itself in his administration, we can see no reason why he should be displaced, with all his experience and knowledge of our interests, to make way for any other person whatever.

We have seen, it stated on respectable authority, and we believe it to be true, that Mr. Adams has not a warmer friend in the United States, or one who more cordially approves of his administration of the General Government, than Gen. Jackson, notwithstanding the attempts of the opposition to enlist his popularity in favor of their pretensions. It is not necessary to Gen. Jackson's fame that he should be President of U. States; nor is it necessary to complete the evi-

dences of our gratitude, that we should make him President. His fame is full—it is beyond the control of accident—it is already consecrated by History. And what evidences are wanting to demonstrate our gratitude? Where is the heart that does not do homage to his merit? *Georgia Courier.*

In one or two Northern papers we find it asserted that Messrs. Duncan and Bates, the new Representatives in Congress from Illinois and Missouri, are "advocates" and "staunch friends" of General Jackson. If, by these expressions, it is meant to convey the impression that these gentlemen are opposed to the present Administration, and would have voted for General Jackson at the last election for President, there is an evident error in the statement. Mr. Bates was supported as an Adams elector in Missouri, and would, of course, have voted for Mr. Adams had he been in Congress. In addition, he was supported in the late election in Missouri, on the ground of his being friendly to the Administration of Mr. Adams; and as such has as always been considered before, and pending the election. The accounts from Illinois, which are most to be relied on, state also that General Duncan is a friend to the Administration, and would not have been supported on any other political ground. He may be a friend of General Jackson also, for aught we know: We are not aware that attachment to General Jackson of necessity involves hostility to the present Administration: although the course pursued by his friends indicates as much. *Nat. Journal.*

The candidates put in nomination for Representatives to the 20th Congress from the state of New-Jersey amount to 151, out of which six are to be elected: The extraordinary number of nominations is the result of the peculiar practice of that State, which prescribes that every elector may nominate any individual he pleases, at the Clerk's Office, no person being considered a candidate unless so nominated; and out of the person so placed in nomination, the tickets are formed which are presented for the suffrages of the State. *Nat. Journal.*

Mr. Joseph Hemphill, a representative from Pennsylvania, has resigned his seat in congress. Mr. H. was chairman of the committee on roads and canals.

Forged Bank of England notes have recently been brought to this country for a market. A New York broker has received one purporting to be for a hundred pounds.

PROVIDENCE, (R. I.) SEPT. 11.
Package Sale of Domestic Goods.—On Saturday last, Mr. W. P. Greene held his auction sales of domestic goods. Nearly 200 packages of various goods were sold, furnished by the manufacturers of this town and vicinity.

The company at the sales was numerous, including several gentlemen from Boston, New-York, &c. and the bidding spirited. Every thing was above board, and the pledges of the auctioneer handsomely redeemed. For the specimen of goods offered the sales may be considered very fair and satisfactory, though a shade below the last public sale here. The following is a specimen:

Ticks 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 24 cts.; Brown Shirts 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 10 $\frac{1}{2}$; 4-4 Cotton and Wool Flannels 31; 4 Checks, logwood colours, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$; indigo blues, 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 14; Plains 10 to 15; fine 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ bleached Shirtings 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 17 $\frac{1}{2}$; 4-4 brown Sheetings 11 to 13 $\frac{1}{2}$; 5-4 do. 15 and 15 $\frac{1}{2}$; Satinets, rather inferior specimens, dark mixed, 40 to 44; blue do 50 to 59 cts.

Reuben Rankin, of Kentucky, who lately robbed and murdered Mr. John Blake, of Ohio, while travelling through that state, has been tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hung on the 3d inst.

The Montreal Courant gives the following remarkable account of a man's accidentally cutting off his own head:

We are informed that one day last week, a Canadian man at L'Assomption, was mowing hay near the river side, when he saw a very large fish near the water's edge. He made a blow at it with his scythe (which was just whetted,) and raising it above his head, it appears the handle turned and coming in contact with his person, it severed his head from his body.

A Child carried away by an Eagle.

A circumstance quite uncommon in the north, lately happened in Scania.—A woman at work in the fields laid her infant on the ground, at a little distance: soon after an eagle pounced upon the infant, and carried it away. The poor woman, who heard the cries of the child in the air, is become insane, and is now in the hospital at Malmoe. *Hamburg paper.*

Newspaper Debts.—The Editors of the National Intelligencer, in a notice to their patrons, asserts that they have due them One Hundred Thousand Dollars, and yet are suffering every sort of inconvenience for the want of inconsiderable sums of money!

MARRIED.

On Thursday, the 21st ult. at the residence of Mrs. Mary Pettus, in York District, S. C. Mr. Peter Campbell, Merchant, of Harrisburg, S. C. to Miss Maria Pettus, daughter of the late Hon. William Pettus, dec'd.

On the 12th inst. in Lincolnton, Ga. by the Rev. James Turner, Dr. Asa Beall, late of Ireland county, N. C. to Miss Susan Ann Harriet Remson, daughter of R. Remson, Esq. of the former place.

DIED.

In this county, on the 24th ult. Mr. Benjamin Hartgrove, a worthy and respectable citizen, aged about 60.

On the same day, Samuel Leander Williamson, only child of the Rev. John Williamson, aged 7 months and 24 days.

NOTICE.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of "PERCIVAL & BOAG," (Wholesale Druggists) was dissolved, by mutual consent, on the first day of June last.

The business will be in future conducted by the subscribers, who have formed a Copartnership under the firm of **W. S. BOAG & CO.**

W. S. BOAG & CO. take this opportunity of naming their intention to do business only for Cash, or Town acceptances at four months.

WM. S. BOAG,
J. A. JOHNSON,
SAM'L. W. BOAG.
Charleston, Sept. 1826. 6t106

Judge Murphey's Lottery.

IN consequence of the failure of several persons, in whose hands tickets had been placed for sale, to make returns to the Commissioner of the tickets which they had sold, the drawing did not commence at the time appointed; though it appeared probable, from the returns made, that a sufficient number of tickets had been sold to justify a commencement of the drawing. All persons having tickets for sale in this Lottery, are requested to continue the sale of them until the 15th of November next, and then report to the Commissioner, Dr. James Webb, at Hillsboro', how many tickets remain unsold, and their numbers. The drawing will commence on the 4th Monday in November; and it is hoped that a sufficient number of tickets will be sold by that time, to justify the Commissioner in continuing the drawing, from day to day, until it can be completed. 2t102

Notice.

THOSE persons who have got Brick from the Kiln burnt by Thos. G. Polk and myself, will be good enough to make known to the subscriber the number of brick they have taken. **THOS. G. POLK.**

Sept. 30, 1826.—3t103

2000 Bushels Corn

FOR sale, by the subscriber, living one mile south of Beattie's Ford, if applied for before the last of October. 2t102

ANDREW WAGNER.

Leather, Hides, &c.

THE subscriber has for sale, Upper, Sole and Harness Leather, which he will dispose of for Cash, or, if credited, for notes payable one day after date; as he is determined to keep no book account. He will also exchange Leather for Hides, at cash prices; or he will pay cash for them; and in case he has not cash by him at the time, will give his note, payable one day after date. **WILLIAM RUDSILL.**

Sept. 25, 1826.—4t104

Notice.

ALL persons indebted to me, by note or book account, are requested to make payment against the first of November. In so doing, they will oblige me and save cost. **ELAM MOORE.**

September 28, 1826.—3t103

For Sale.

At my Store, a quantity of Sole and Upper Leather, low for cash. 3t102 r.

JOHN IRWIN.

For Sale.

THE subscriber, living three miles south of Charlotte, offers for sale a complete new *Yankee Wagon*; also, a quantity of Weather Boarding. **JOHN M. THOMAS.**

3t102.

Dissolution of Copartnership.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing between Kendrick & Abernathy, terminated at the death of the latter. All persons indebted to the concern, are requested to make settlement with the subscriber; and those to whom the firm is indebted, will present their claims to him for payment.

It is absolutely necessary that the above concern should be brought to an immediate close, in order that I may settle with Mr. Abernathy's administrator.

GREEN KENDRICK, sur'g. part.
Charlotte, Sept. 15, 1826. 4t102

Notice.

THAT on Wednesday, the 4th of October next, there will be sold, at the late residence of John M. Robinson, deceased, in this county, the following articles, to wit: Horses, Cattle, and Hogs; also, household and kitchen furniture, farming utensils, corn and cotton, and other articles too tedious to mention. Sale to commence at 11 o'clock—terms made known on the day of sale.

R. A. SAMPLE, Adm'r.
Sept. 14, 1826. 3t101

All persons indebted to the estate of John M. Robinson, deceased, will please to come forward and make payment, as no longer indulgence can be given. **R. A. SAMPLE.**

Ruffner's Strictures.

JUST PUBLISHED, and for sale at this office, "Strictures on a book, entitled, 'An Apology for the Book of Psalms, by Gilbert McMaster.' To which are added, Remarks on a book, [by Alexander Gordon] entitled 'The design and use of the Book of Psalms.' By **JOHN M. WILSON**, pastor of Rocky River and Philadelphia.

Constable's Warrants.

For sale, at this Office.

Poetry.

HUMAN LIFE.

Life has a thousand charms,
A thousand dreams of bliss;
Hope, Friendship, Love, thy bosom warms,
A gleam of mercy this:
But soon that sun-lit hour is past,
And Hope flies shivering from the blast.

Life has a thousand ills,—
A thousand anxious fears;
Clouds gather on the sunny hills,
And doubts dissolve in tears:
But Hope comes smiling through the storm—
A rainbow round her angel-form.

Life has a thousand joys,
Youth fondly dreams for ever;
But night draws on—Youth droops and sighs
"Will day return?—Oh never!"
Swift as a breath, light breaks the gloom,
And Gladness smiles on Sorrow's tomb.

'Tis but a change at best,
Upon Life's busy shore,—
A little toil, a little rest,
And all its cares are o'er.
Then seal'd, immutable, thy state,—
Fix'd—an irrevocable fate!

It is a dream!—But know
Death's cold hand breaks that slumber;
And who shall tell, if bliss or woe
Those countless moments number?
It is beyond an angel's ken
To pierce the veil that rises then!

Life is a narrow sea,
But who its bounds may tell?
Its vicissitudes—Eternity,—
Its limits—Heaven or Hell!
A point—a moment,—on it hang
Unutter'd bliss—exhaustless pang!

'Tis thine;—but moments past,
Nor prayers nor tears recal;
E'en while thou readest, light and fast
Time's noiseless footsteps fall:
And o'er Life's golden sands he flies,
His path serene as evening skies.

Health basks upon thy brow,—
But Death's cold victims see;
Soon thou must lie as they do now,
And others gaze on thee,
When Life, and Hope's gay visions seem
To them as bright as once thy dream.

From out life's rose-wreath'd bow'r
Thou glistenest gaily forth,
And all is bright,—a sunny hour
On sky, and sea, and earth;
But darkness cometh, and the gloom
No beam can pierce—a rayless tomb!

Oh, where thy spirit, when
Friends round thy couch are weeping,
Borne on an angel's pinion then,
From where that dust is sleeping;
Death solves the question!—Ere it come, pre-
pare,
None find their pardon, or repentance there!

Variety.

Mixing together profit and delight.

From Rome in the Nineteenth Century.

CONVENTS.

The French suppressed all convents of men, without exception. They seized upon their revenues, took possession of their ancient habitations, invested as many of their tonsured heads with the military cap and feathers, as could be made to submit to them, and shipped off those who refused to renounce their vows, to imprisonment in Corsica and Sardinia. That the poor and the old, who had passed their peaceful lives in the cloister, and given to their convent the little stipend that was to secure support to their latter years, must have suffered severely, when thus deprived of all, there can be no doubt. In the same summary manner, all the nunneries in Rome, excepting two, were suppressed; but however wise might have been their gradual abolition, the impropriety of turning out at once so many secluded, and in most cases, destitute and harmless females, cannot be doubted. But since they had been suppressed, and all the evil consequences once incurred, I cannot but lament that they should have been again restored. The monastic orders, and the inquisition, were simultaneously reinstated, after the decline and fall of Bonaparte.

The convents of men are nests of vice, hypocrisy, and abomination, and are, for the most part, filled with young sturdy beggars. I counted upwards of fifty convents for men, and five-and-thirty for women, in Rome and its vicinity, and probably some were left unrecorded.

The brief history of a nun formerly of the convent of St. Sylvester, was related to me by one of the sisters, and is quite a romance. Her name was Sasso Ferrato; she was left an orphan and an heiress in her infancy, and placed in the convent by her uncle, who was her guardian, with the intention of inducing her to take the veil, that her fortune might

descend to him and his family. It happened, however, that at one of the grand processions of the Virgin, which the nuns were assembled to behold, the Sasso Ferrato saw, and was seen by the captain of the guards, stationed at the convent, a younger son of the Ginstiniani family, and a brother of one of her youthful companions in the convent. His visits to his sister became frequent, and Sasso Ferrato generally contrived to accompany her friend on these occasions. They became desperately in love, but the cruel uncle refused his consent, and by arts which intimidated the young and inexperienced mind of Sasso Ferrato, by powerful interests which rendered the complaints of her lover vain, and by his authority as representative of her parents, he succeeded in obliging her to take the veil. She lived only two years afterwards. Her lover became a maniac, and after being confined some time, continued during the remaining years of his life to roam about the neighbourhood of the city, though harmless in his actions, his hair and beard growing wild, his dress neglected, and his manners gloomy and ferocious.

The most severe of the female monastic orders, is that of Santa Theresa, in which its unfortunate votaries are doomed to unceasing midnight vigils, and daily fasts, to penance, austerity, and mortification; while all intercourse with their friends, all indulgence of the sweet affections of nature, are as sedulously interdicted, as if they were crimes of the blackest dye. It is the great merit of their lives, that death is continually before their eyes—continually present to their thoughts—like a man that should stand rooted before a clock, and lose in its contemplation, the intervening moments. But to all intents and purposes, to all the duties, pleasures, and hopes of life, they are as completely dead, as if the grave had closed over them.

There is in Rome a convent called the Sepolto Vivo, in which are buried all contumacious, or fanatic nuns, from all convents—females condemned by the Inquisition for too little, or too much religion—and wives and daughters, whose husbands and fathers have the means to prove that they deserve, or the interest to procure the order for, such punishment. Instances have occurred, where resistance to the will of a parent, or causeless jealousy conceived by the husband, have been followed by this horrible vengeance. What may pass within its walls can never be known; none but its victims enter it, and none of them ever return. They see no human beings excepting once a year, when, in the presence of the abbess, they may have an intercourse with their father or mother; but they must not tell the secrets of their prison house. They hear no tidings of the world that surrounds them, nor even know when their dearest friends are removed by death.

COLOSSEUM.

Crossing over to the other side, beneath the broken and defaced triumphal arch of Titus, fast tottering to its fall, but beautiful even in decay, we beheld the grandest remains of antiquity in the world—the majestic ruins of the mighty Colosseum. No relic of former greatness—no monument of human power—no memorial of ages that are fled, ever spoke so forcibly to the heart, or awakened feelings so powerful and unutterable. The art of the painter, or the strains of the poet might avail in some degree to give a faint idea of the Colosseum—but can description give you any thought of its lofty majesty and ruined grandeur? How convey to your mind the sense of its beautiful proportions, its simplicity, its harmony, and its grandeur; of the regular gradations of Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian orders, that support its graceful ranges of Grecian Arcades; of the rich hues with which time have overspread its masonry walls. It stands alone in its solitary grandeur; far from modern Rome, her streets, her churches, her palaces; and her population surrounded only with the ruins of the imperial city; above it rises the Palatine Hill, overshadowed by aged evergreens, and covered with the frowning ruins of the palace of the Cæsars. On one side the triumphal arch of Constantine still stands in undiminished beauty, adorned with the spoils and trophies of better times. At its southern base, extends the long line of the *via triumphalis*, crossed with the lofty arches that once bore the Claudian waters to Nero's golden house. Behind it appeared the dark ridge of the Celian Mount, covered with the majestic remains of ruined aqueducts, mouldering walls, and substructions, the very purpose of which is unknown. We walked round the vast circle of the Amphitheatre. In no part has it been completely broken through, and in only

a small segment is the external elevation preserved entire. In the inside the destruction is more complete. The marble seats are all torn away; the steps and vomitories are overthrown, and the sloping walls and broken arches which once supported them, are overgrown with every wild and melancholy weed, waving in all the luxuriance of desolation. We ascended by a temporary wooden staircase, to the highest practicable point of the edifice—traversed the circling corridors, and caught through the opening arches glimpses of the scattered ruins, the dark pine trees, and purple hills of the distant country. We looked down on the vast grass grown arena; its loneliness and silence were only broken by some Capuchin friars kneeling before the representations of our Saviour's last sufferings, and muttering their oft repeated prayers as they told their beads.

What solitude and desertion! What a change from the day that Titus dedicated it by the slaughter of five thousand wild beasts, and the savage combats of gladiators; when Roman galleys rode in its ample arena in the counterfeit confusion of a mock naval fight, and when a hundred thousand voices rent the air at once, with shouts of acclamation! On that wide arena, often deep with blood, were only to be seen the symbols and the worship of a religion then unknown, but which has banished from the earth those fiend-like sports and barbarous sacrifices that disgraced human nature.

IMPERIAL ROME.

The following day we ascended to the lofty summit of the tower of the Capitol—What a prospect burst upon our view! To the north—the east—and even to the west, the modern City extends; but to the south, ancient Rome reigns alone, the time stricken mistress of the world, sadly seated on her deserted hills, amidst the ruined trophies of her fame, and the mouldering monuments of her power, silently mourning the fall of her greatness: on her solitude the habitations of man have not dared to intrude: no monuments of his existence appear, accepting such as connect him with eternity. A few decaying convents and churches, are the only modern buildings that meet the eye. From the Capitol on which we stand, we behold her hills heaped with ruins, and shaded with the dark pine and Cypress—the wide waste of the Campagna—the plain of Latium—the far distant windings of the yellow Tiber—the grass grown Forum at our feet, with its shattered porticoes, its fallen columns, overthrown temples, and its triumphal arches fast mouldering to decay—the broken wall of the Senate-house—the Palatine Hill, overspread with the ruin of Imperial palaces—the lofty vaults of the Temple of Peace—the broken fragments of the upper story of the baths of Titus, the lonely tottered ruin of Minerva Medica in the distance—the gigantic circle of the Colosseum—the Celian Mount, crowned with the deep shade of Cypress, the broken arches of mighty aqueducts, and the crumbling walls of splendid temples—the massive ruins of the baths of Caracalla, frowning in gloomy grandeur on the slope of the further summit of the Aventine—the gray sepulchral Pyramid of Caius Cestius—the Tower of Cecilia Metella—and far beyond, the long black line of the Via Appia, marked by mouldering and forgotten tombs—and ruined aqueducts stretching over the deserted plain, in majestic loneliness, to the woody hills which terminate the view. Such was the prospect that extended before us to the south. It was Imperial Rome.

WALLS OF ROME.

The walls are now computed to form a circuit of about fourteen miles, and comprise an immense extent of unpeopled land. The stranger may wander for hours and miles within the walls of this great capital, in solitude and silence as unbroken as if he were in a desert. He will pass along untrodden roads, and by abandoned habitations; he will see no life within their gates; no human being will greet him, and no voice will answer to his call. Over a wide extent of Rome to the south, her hills are desolate. On the north and in the plain of the Campus Martius alone there is life and motion.

An African Executioner.—Captain Clapperton gives the following account of an interview with the executioner of Sackatoo:—"I was sitting (says the author) in the shade before my door, with Sidi Sheikh, the Sultan's fighi, when an ill-looking wretch, with a fiend-like grin on his countenance, came and placed himself directly before me. I asked Sidi Sheikh who he was? He answered, with great composure, 'the executioner.' I instantly ordered my servant to turn him out. 'Be patient,' said Sidi Sheikh, laying his hand upon

mine: 'he visits the first people in Sackatoo, and they never allow him to go away without giving him a few Georats, or money to buy them.' In compliance with this hint, I requested forty cowries to be given to the fellow, with strict orders never to cross my threshold. Sidi Sheikh now related to me a professional anecdote of my uninvited visitor. Being brother of the executioner of the Yacoba, of which place he was a native, he applied to the Governor for his brother's situation, boasting of superior adroitness in the family vocation. The Governor coolly remarked, 'We will try:—go fetch your brother's head!' He instantly went in quest of his brother, and finding him seated at the door of his house, without noise or warning he struck off his head with a sword, at one blow; then carrying the bleeding head to the Governor, & claiming the reward of such transcendent atrocity, he was appointed to the vacant office. The Sultan being afterwards in want of an expert headman, sent for him to Sackatoo, where, a short time after his arrival, he had to officiate at the execution of 2000 Tuariks, who, in conjunction with the rebels of Goober, had attempted to plunder the country, but were all made prisoners; this event happened about forty years ago. I may here add, that the capital punishments inflicted in Soudan, are beheading, impaling, and crucifixion; the first being reserved for Mahometans, and the other two practised on Pagans. I was told, as a matter of curiosity, that wretches on the cross generally linger three days, before death puts an end to their sufferings."

The old Count de Segur, who was related a member of the Cincinnati, relates the following anecdote—

"A Colonel greatly distinguished by his birth, an excellent officer, but whose education had been neglected, and who made himself remarked for some very ludicrous grammatical errors in speaking, said to me, when I was named a commander of Saint Lazare, and Chevalier of Saint Louis, 'Why, my friend, you are rich in saints. You have got three of them, Saint Louis, Saint Lazare, and Saint Cinnatus. But as to the last named, I cannot imagine where the deuce our American friends could have dug him up.' And yet he had himself been in America, and received the order like the other officers."

A correspondent of the London "European Magazine," who furnishes an account of the principal American painters, concludes with this story.

"I will give you a pleasant anecdote of Sully. A husband wishing to surprise a beloved wife on her birthday, came to Sully and got him to paint his portrait 'on the sky.' It was begun forthwith, and Sully was to have it carried home and put up, while the wife was out. But before it was half done, the wife paid him a visit by stealth. 'Pray, Mr. Sully,' said she, 'could you not contrive, think you, to make a portrait of me by such a day, (Sully started,) for that is my birthday, and I should like of all things to surprise my husband.' 'Why—a-a,' said Sully, seeing that she had no idea of the trick; 'I do believe that I could; and if you will manage to draw your husband away the night before, I will have the picture hung up for you, and all ready to receive you in the morning.' 'Delightful!' said she. To work he went, therefore, and so closely he had run, that once or twice he had to let the husband out one door on tip-toe. Well, the portraits were finished: they were very like. The night before the birthday arrived, and Sully finding both parties away, each being decoyed away by the other, hung them up, (the pictures, not the parties,) in their superb frames, just where they required to be hung. The rest of the story we may as well skip, for who shall describe the surprise of both, when the wife got up early, and both keeping their countenances to a miracle, and each feigning an excuse to lead the other into the room where the portraits hung side by side."

At a late Salford Sessions, a man was put to the bar, charged with stealing a sack full of potatoes; the principal witness against him was a country lad, about 14 years of age, who had seen the prison carrying the sack on his shoulder. When the counsel for the prosecution had finished his examination, the opposite counsel arose, and the following conversation took place:

"Well, my lad, and so you remember this day, when the potatoes are said to have been stolen?"—"Neaw, sur, it wur this day, it wur that day."

"Well, well, that day, if you will have it so; and you say you saw the prisoner carrying the sack on his shoulder?"—"Yes, sur, I did."

"You did; well, and might not this sack as well have contained *hay* as potatoes?"—"Neaw, sur, it codna be hay, for he could hardly carry it."

"Well, but I suppose horses do eat hay with you?"—"Neaw, sur, they dunna eat hay wi'me, for I dunna eat hay." These answers produced the most violent roars of laughter, in which the Court joined, and the unfortunate counsel, utterly abashed, was obliged to desist from an examination in which he evidently had the worst.

English paper.

Harvard College is the oldest and may with propriety be styled the parent literary institution of our country. It was founded in 1638, and was endowed with a legacy, by the Rev. John Harvard of Charlestown, of £778 17 2 sterling, being one half of his estate. In acknowledgment of his magnificence it bears his name. Degrees were first conferred in 1642, in 1650 it was chartered. The professorship of divinity and mathematics and natural philosophy were founded in 1762 by Mr. Thomas Hollis of London. The professorship of Hebrew was established by Thomas Hancock, Esq. in 1765. Other professorships have since been established and generally endowed by individuals. From the founding of the college to the year 1794, three thousand and three hundred and ninety-nine young persons received its honours, of whom 1079 became ministers of the gospel.

Boston Patriot.

There is in the U. States more nominal nobility than any country in the world exhibits of legitimate creation. Every Governor is *Excellence*; every judge, senator, and representative is *Honorable*; and every justice of peace is distinguished by the chivalrous title of *Esquire*.—These frivolities should be carefully discouraged; and the dangerous assumptions by every real friend of liberty, opposed.—They are the first robes in which a republic advances to aristocracy, thence to monarchy, and from monarchy to oppression and extravagance.

Grinsbach's U. States.

Moral.

A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

Dr. South, in one of his sermons, says Addison, having shown the virtue of a good conscience in supporting a man under the greatest trials and difficulties of life, concludes with representing its force and efficacy in the hour of death.

"The third and last instance, in which, above all others, this confidence towards God does most eminently show and exert itself, is at the time of death; which surely gives the grand opportunity of trying both the strength and worth of every principle. When a man shall be just about to quit the stage of this world, to put off his mortality, and to deliver up his last accounts to God; at which sad time his memory shall serve him for little else, but to terrify him with a frightful review of his past life, and his former extravagances stripped of all their pleasure, but retaining their guilt: what is it then that can promise him a fair passage into the other world, or a comfortable appearance before his dreadful Judge when he is there? not all the friends and interests, all the riches and honours under heaven, can speak so much as a word for him, or one word of comfort to him in that condition; they may possibly reproach, but they cannot relieve him.

"No; at this disconsolate time, when they busy tempter shall be more than usually apt to vex and trouble him, and the pains of a dying body to hinder and discompose him, and the settlement of worldly affairs to disturb and confound him; and, in a word, all things conspire to make his sick-bed grievous and uneasy: nothing can then stand up against all these ruins, and speak life in the midst of death, but a clear conscience.

"And the testimony of that shall make the comforts of heaven descend upon his weary head, like a refreshing dew, or shower upon a parched ground. It shall give him some lively earnest, and secret anticipations of his approaching joy. It shall bid his soul go out of the body undauntedly, and lift up its head with confidence before saints and angels. Surely comfort, which it conveys at this season, is something bigger than the capacities of mortality, mighty and unspeakable, and not to be understood till it comes to be felt.

"And now, who would not quit all the pleasures, and trash, and trifles, which are apt to captivate the heart of man, and pursue the greatest rigours of piety, and austerities of a good life, to purchase to himself such a conscience, as, at the hour of death, when all the friendship in the world shall bid him adieu, and the whole creation turn its back upon him, shall dismiss the soul, and close his eyes with that blessed sentence, 'Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord?'"